

NUMBER 340

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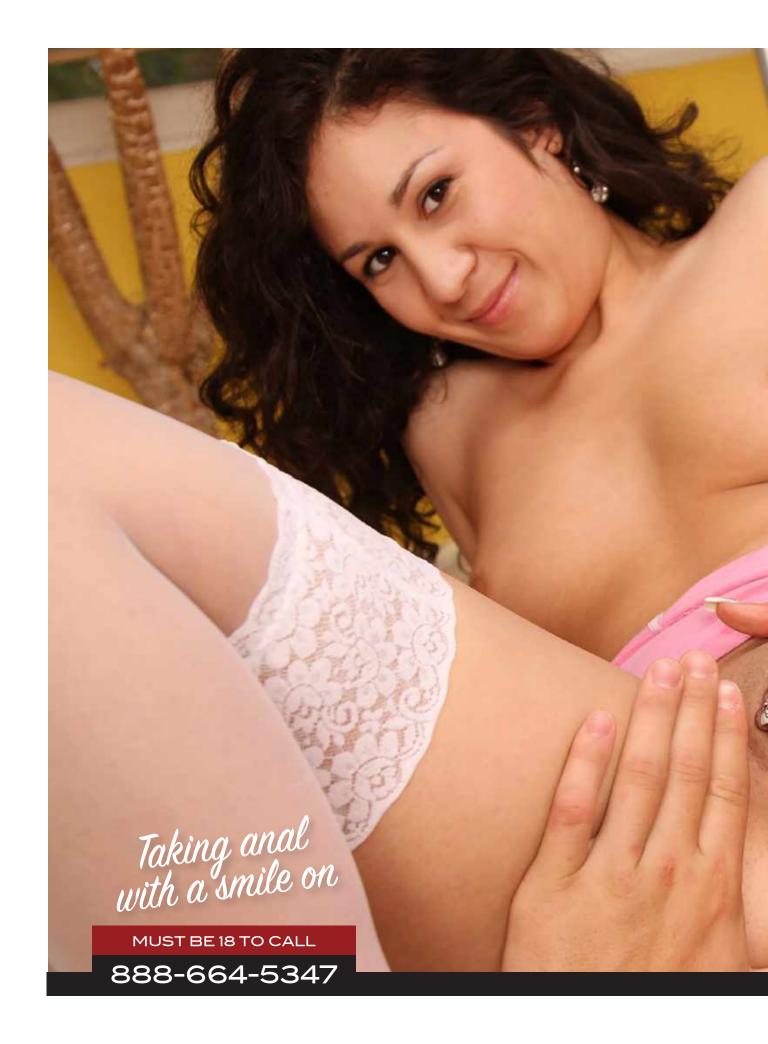






























"I'm a doctor, a women's doctor," he told her. "I know all about every inch of your body—where it feels good, where it feels exquisite."

Carly's focus was intent. Her tongue licked her lips and her right finger traced a path from her throat and along her breast to her nipple then back to her throat. These habits were so unconscious that Carly never realized them. She would be surprised when a certain someone had been watching her became wildly passionate; fantasizing that it was his tongue or finger following those trails of soft skin and hot breath.

The harsh ring of the phone finally drew her attention from the half-typed page. "This is Carly. How can I help you?" she answered, somewhat annoyed at the interruption.

"I have been watching you, and I want you!" the heavily accented masculine voice responded. Carly was silent, already interested, even admiring his style and audacious honesty.

"I want you on Sunday nights, and on Sunday nights only," he continued. "If you're interested, I'll explain further."

"Six o'clock, at my place," Carly answered. "I suppose you know where my cabin is, if you have my number."

"No, honey." His voice was smooth, almost hypnotic. "Only on Sunday nights, remember. This is Friday. I will see you Sunday at six thirty, not six. Goodbye, my dear."

Carly was shocked, and then angry, "Who the hell did he think he was? In fact, who was he?" she muttered angrily. But she was also intrigued. Her blood was tingling at the thought of such mystery and she returned to her work with renewed energy, thinking perhaps it wouldn't be a totally sexless few months.

On Sunday at six-thirty sharp, Carly heard a car on the gravel driveway. She sat still, unwilling to give this man an inch. Let him wait and cool his jets a bit, she thought. But even as she settled herself into the orange velvet cushion in front of the fireplace, the door opened. No knock, no waiting; he

merely walked in.

Carly stifled her fear. After all, she was alone in an isolated cabin and she didn't know who this man was. He walked toward her, knelt at her feet, and pushed her over to make room for himself. Then he snuggled against her on the cushion.

He was hardly attractive enough to have this kind of self-confidence, Carly thought. He was too short, about 5-foot-7, with a bit of a belly and a weathered face. His eyes twinkled a lot and his curly brown hair felt soft as he snuggled against her face. But she couldn't imagine how a man who looked as nondescript as him—a man in his 50s at least—could have the nerve to approach her. After all, she was a real beauty, a model and famous social media influencer. Where did he get his nerve?

He didn't give her a chance to speak. He spoke softly in the sensual, hypnotic voice he had used on the phone. As he spoke he stroked her white silk dress where it covered her breasts and inner thighs. He licked along the line of her jaw and nibbled at an earlobe, between words.

"My wife leaves on the six o'clock train every Sunday," he said. "I stay until Monday morning to take care of weekly business. I have Sunday nights open for you. You will discover that you will wait anxiously for me, fantasize about me all week, and want me as you never wanted another man, for I can your deepest sexual needs."

Carly laughed. She couldn't help it, because he had made his first mistake. She hated braggarts; most of them turned out to be phonies who were trying to make up for their insecurities and inadequacies.

Carly's laughter was stifled by a very hot mouth, as the man's tongue rolled around her own and his lips sucked on hers. He gave infinite attention to every inch of her skin, ca-



ressing her fingers with one hand, her cheeks and hair with the other, his mouth engulfing hers. Then his hands moved between her legs and lifted her long silk hostess gown. His hands stroked her inner thighs, her belly, and her ass. She started to enjoy his warm touch and she moved closer to him, untying the belt of her gown and releasing herself to him completely. She liked what she got so far and she wanted more.

Although he was short and stocky, the man was powerful. He lifted and carried her to the big hammock in the corner of the room and removed her gown. Totally nude, she lay in the hammock while he cooed softly, almost singing to her. "Watch me undress," he said. "Watch my big dick and think about what it will do to you. Think about how it will feel inside your cunt and mouth. Show me how you'll move under me. If you show me I'll get hot, and the hotter I get, the more pleasure you will receive...

Carly was mesmerized by his words. She felt her body responding, her hips writhing in circles as she bucked up and down. She was rocking as though the man was already riding her, as though she was being fucked by the gorgeous cock he was stroking for her.

"I'm a doctor, a women's doctor. I know all about every inch of your body—where it feels good, where it feels exquisite. Show me how much you want me." He continued encouraging her to touch herself, to show him what she wanted.

Carly was totally involved in the scenario set by the doctor. She swayed in the hammock while rubbing her inner thighs and pinching her nipples. Then she licked the huge pink buds that had hardened from his words and her own touch.

"More, sweetheart. More. Don't be afraid," he said. "Play with your entire body. Play with it as you want me to play with you, and I will play with you soon. Get me ready. Show me how excited you can get me."

Her fingers began to trace the edges of her vulva, and then

she pinched them gently. Taking her clit between two fingers, she worked it quickly and steadily until her first climax of that Sunday night flowed freely. As she sighed with pleasure, he lifted her from the hammock.

"Yes, my dear. That's the beginning. You did it first; now it's my turn."

The doctor (she still didn't know his name) laid her on the handmade quilt covering the four-poster bed. His strong hands gripped her sides, his muscular legs straddling hers. "Tell me about your best fuck. Tell me how it felt. I want to hear about it. I want to see you hot and crazy, as you were then."

Carly was confused. She'd never talked about other guys to any of her lovers, but her mind was racing with memories of Richard—her real passion, her best fuck. Without realizing it, she was moaning as she recalled one of her best memories:

"Oh, Richard was my best fuck, my best love. We were in Portugal, at a small pond. We'd been swimming and he began to eat my pussy underwater. He lifted me out of the pond on his shoulders. My pussy was in his face and he ate me as he walked to a grassy slope. The sun was hot on my back, his tongue was deep inside me, and as I came I fell back onto the grass. When I hit the ground, his cock was already inside me, forcing me into the soft grass under the weight of his body."

The doctor held his cock at the mouth of Carly's cunt, encouraging her to go on with her reverie. "Move, Carly. Move like you moved when his cock was in you. Tell me about the hot sun and Richard's hot cock. Impale yourself on my dick and move like you did when Richard was inside you."

She began to move her ass, striving to get her cunt against his cock. She was desperate to have his cock in her depths. She ached for this strange cock and this strange man, who was so expert at teasing and arousing.

"Tell me more about Richard's cock, Carly; about his tongue in your cunt; about his hands on your body; about the



soft grass and the hot sun and the blue sky."

As he spoke, Carly was transported back to Portugal: a hot summer afternoon, Richard and the intense love they had shared. She reached up and grasped the doctor's hard, deliciously long and thick cock, and she pushed it into her juice-slicked cunt.

"Come, baby. Come on my cock, come on Richard's cock. Give me those hot juices, baby. Come like you love it... Come!"

His words were as exciting as his tongue on her nipples, his lips on her clit his fingers in her ass. Each word was an electrical current that both tantalized and inflamed her.

Carly found herself fucking his cock, moving in sync with his body. Flexing her vaginal muscles, her cunt sucked his cock while his mouth sucked her tits. While the doctor filled her cunt, her mind was filled with memories of Richard. She was lost in the summer heat of a Portuguese encounter. Ecstasy! And now in the cabin with this strange doctor, she came again. But the climax was for Richard, and they were in the sun. His power had brought her back to a treasured moment.

"Rest, baby, rest!" the doctor murmured. He was stroking her face, easing her heaving body with his hands and mouth. "Rest, for now you will make love to me. Now you will show me the best loving you have ever given to any man."

She felt so pleasured, so satiated, she didn't want to move. And again she was aware of his arrogance, but she also felt challenged. As she lay there motionless, she began to think about the best sex she had ever given... to Paul.

As though he knew she was primed and ready, the doctor took her head and placed it between his legs. "Show me, baby. Give me that hot mouth, that deep mouth. Give it to me good."

Carly thought of Paul, the man with the magic tongue, who

could bring her to orgasm with just a flick of her clit. She'd wanted to give as much to him, and he'd taught her to suck—really suck. She teased the doctor as Paul had taught her, nibbling along the large vein from the tip to the base of his cock. Licking and sucking, she gently nipped his prick with her teeth. Her tongue rolled around the cockhead, her lips sucked hungrily, and then her tongue rolled down the underside of his shaft. Inch by inch the entire shaft slipped deep into her throat—her tongue rolling, her lips sucking, her mouth pulling on every inch as her fingers tickled his balls and penetrated his asshole.

"Oh, baby, be my whore! Be a \$500-a-night whore for me. Suck me like the best whore you can get!"

Carly was stimulated even more and she felt challenged to perform. "Be my whore" echoed in her mind, as her mouth worked faster and her tongue went slipping and sliding along his purple hardness.

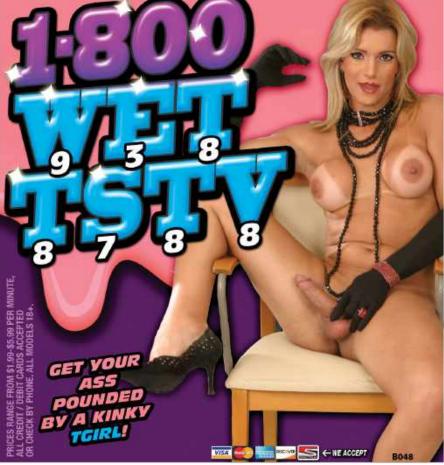
"Move, baby. Move as though there's another man here, another guy with his cock inside you. Show me how you move on his cock and suck on mine. Show me how you move."

Carly lay on her side and began pumping her body as though fucking another cock. Her body worked in unison with her mouth: up and lick the tip; down and suck the entire cock; up and take in the whole cock; down and move away from it. Suck and fuck, fuck and suck. The fantasy was becoming as real as her mouth on his cock, so real that she could feel herself being filled again. Her cunt oozed another juicy orgasm while squeezing the imaginary cock inside her body. Her mouth went wild on his cock as she came. The doctor pulled away, unwilling to come... yet.

"You suck good, baby. You deserve some sucking now too. You were a good little girl and you're about to get sucked too, baby. Show me; show me how you want to get sucked."







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The doctor put his hand against Carly's mouth, his thumb and pointer finger forming an egg-shaped opening. "Here... here's a pussy for you to suck on. Suck on it and show me how you want me to suck on you. Here's the clit," he told her, pointing to the soft tissue where his thumb met his hand. "Here's the clit and here's the lips," he continued, pointing along the edges of the two fingers. "And if you want my tongue deep into your pussy just go in here. Here's the pussy," he said, pointing to the space between the two fingers.

Carly couldn't understand what was happening to her. His words created such realities that his hand became a delicious, hot cunt. She sucked at his fingers as though it was her own cunt. He followed each movement with his own mouth, as she circled his "clit" while he circled hers with his tongue.

As she delved deeply between his fingers, he probed deep into her opening, licking and sucking all the liquids from within her. As she sucked along his fingers, he sucked along her lips. His sucking her was not an isolated pleasuring of her cunt. It was so much more because it was as though she was sucking herself. Her mouth became his mouth, her tongue his tongue, and suddenly there was no difference, no distinction. She was, in her fantasy and in her sensations, sucking on herself.

With his free hand the doctor kept putting her juices on his fingers, giving her the tastes of her cum, the heat of her juices. She sucked herself into the most brain-splitting crescendo of an orgasm she'd ever experienced, swaying with the reverberations within her entire body. Speechless, powerless, she was totally out of control as the passion overtook her body and shot her to the heavens.

He was inside her, filling her still vibrating cunt walls, pushing into her and murmuring again, wanting still more from her totally satiated body. "Now you will really come, my dear. Now you will see what it is like to really come."

She could hardly believe his words, especially after the

trip she'd just taken to outer space. But amazingly enough, his cock was stirring inside her again and she could feel a rising desire in her loins.

"Give me that tight pussy, baby. Give me that pussy! You want to fuck me, don't you? Give me that tight little pussy."

The doctor's encouraging words were all the permission she needed. Here she was, fucking a man who was safe and arrogantly confident, a man who had already proven himself. Surely, she could trust him even further and fuck him like he'd never been fucked before.

"Oh, yes! I want to fuck you." Carly fell completely into orgasmic bliss, mouthing the words of her unconscious desires, pulling the doctor's cock farther and tighter into her cunt.

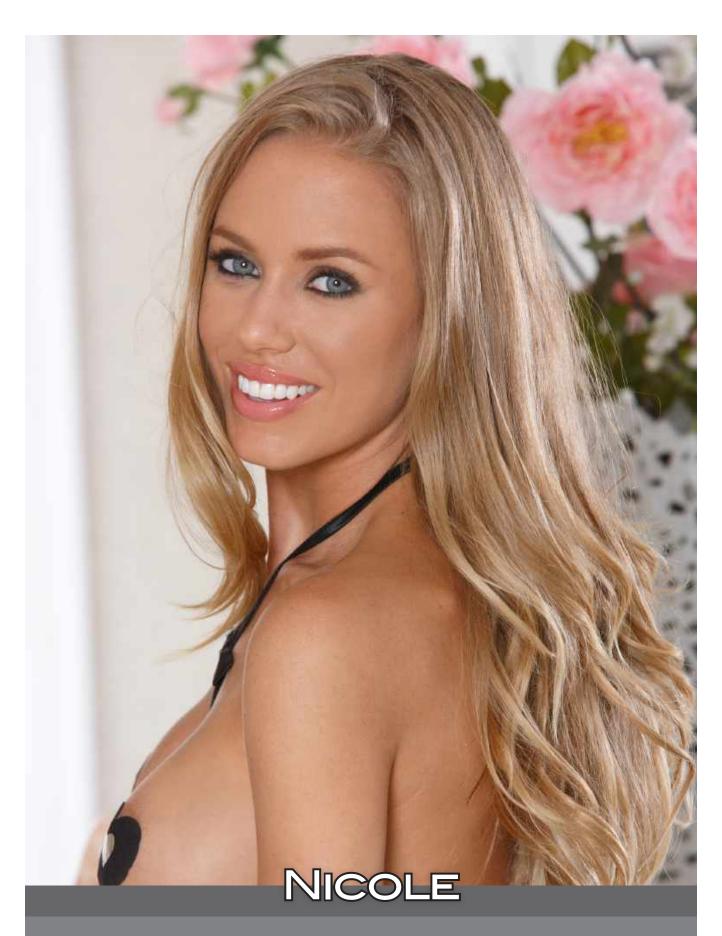
"Now give me a tighter pussy. You have a real tight pussy. Give it to me." His words were like ropes inside of her, pulling her cunt muscles tighter and tighter, as though he held a belt or a thong in his hands. His words had an overwhelming power of suggestion—on her mind, her muscles, her entire body.

Carly came with incredible force, so much so that the cum almost squirted from her cunt and splattered on the doctor's belly. They both laughed as soon as they could breathe again, barely conscious from the power of their passion. Carly held the doctor close and kissed him. For the very first time since they'd met, she began to kiss him all over—his face, his eyes, his ears, and his mouth. She had never felt so satisfied and complete as she did at this very moment.

A sexual, uninhibited, free-spirited woman, yes. But she'd never before met her equal, as this man was; and never before had she been brought to the heights of passion this man had aroused with just his words and his fantasy.

He left without another word. She knew he'd be back at precisely six thirty the next Sunday. Already, she had begun to dream about what it would be like to feel the ecstasy all over again next week... and the next.





here are few women in the adult business today as beautiful and sexual as Nicole. This Southern California beauty, with perfectly coiffed pubes and the sweetest looking pussy, is one of the most famous starlets ever to suck a cock or lick a pussy. We hope she keeps doing so we can keep watching.





























































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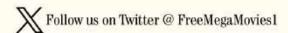
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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Letters that should or shouldn't have been written, but you sent them to us anyway!

PARTY IN THE COCKPIT

The scorched wreckage had been hauled to a massive hangar near the crash site. We had plenty of people sifting through tons of debris looking for clues as to what might have caused the catastrophe. Still, there was plenty of work to do behind the scenes, vitally important work conducted within the confines of a laboratory on the opposite coast.

This is where I came in . . .

As a veteran investigator of such matters, it was my job to listen to the cockpit voice recorder. Perhaps it would provide key information pertaining to the crash. I certainly hoped so . . .

Many lives had been lost in the tragic accident. The aircraft had barely lifted off the runway when it plummeted, slammed into a storage facility, and burst into flames. It was one of the worst disasters in the history of American aviation.

The pressure was on. Time was of the essence. If a design flaw had caused the crash, we needed to know that as soon as possible. Every single one of these could very well be a ticking timebomb.

Now, having just listened to the CVR for the first time, I hit the stop button and regarded my young colleague with astonishment.

"Unbelievable," I said, shaking my head in dismay.

Having just graduated from college, Piper Cook was a new hire. This would be her first crash investigation. A part of me felt sorry for her; Piper's was a classic case of being thrown to the wolves . . .

"Play it again," she told me.

I rewound the tape and played it again. My ears hadn't deceived me. The recording told a shocking story.

"One more time," Piper said. It didn't get any easier; my disbelief and anger intensified with each playing of the tape. We were listening to poor judgment on a grand scale. We were listening to incompetency of the worst sort. We were listening to a three-person crew—one female and two males—engage in group sex immediately prior to takeoff!

We might as well have been listening to the audio from an adult film. No doubt, the crew had locked the cockpit door and let the good times roll. It didn't take a genius to reconstruct the situation. Having gotten their rocks off, the sexually sated pilots had been so distracted as to overlook a key step on their preflight checklist.

"We've got to identify which step they neglected to—"

"This may sound awfully callous," Piper cut me off, "but that's the hottest thing I've ever heard in my life . . . "

I could hardly believe my ears! You bet it was callous. And awfully cruel. The inappropriateness of my colleague's remark caught me off guard, momentarily stunning me into stupefied silence.

"In fact," she continued, rising from her chair, "it turned me on in a major way. You wouldn't believe how wet I am . . ."

"Piper, this is hardly the time—"

She shut me up rather abruptly by crouching between my legs and reaching for my belt. Next thing I knew my cock was in her mouth. Resistance was futile. Not that I tried very hard. I hadn't gotten my dick sucked in quite some time. All this to say that I was in desperate need of a topnotch hummer. If for no other



NEXT THING I KNEW MY COCK WAS IN HER MOUTH

reason than to relieve the tension caused by my highly stressful job.

And this went both ways. Piper, I reasoned, would surely benefit from a good and proper pounding. As the experienced veteran on the case, I felt it my duty to provide her with some hard cock . . .

Piper polished my pole with extraordinary skill. She employed her tongue and lips to full effect, incorporating my balls in an impressive display of oral talent.

I hadn't been this hard in years. Naturally, I couldn't wait to plunge my thirty-six-year-old cock inside Piper's twentysomething twat.

Eager for a thorough reaming, Piper withdrew her mouth from my rigid rod, rose from the floor, and lifted her knee-length skirt. Sporting a pair of lacy white panties, she turned around, giving me an up close and personal view of her spectacularly tight ass as she stepped out of the













frilly garment, first one long leg, then the other.

Piper straddled me reverse cowgirl style, sinking lower and lower until the moist entry of her pussy nudged my swollen glans.

"I told you I was wet," she said over her shoulder.

Then, not even needing to guide me with her hand, she brought her pussy down on my stiff schlong, impaling herself with a single motion. She gasped as I entered her. I grunted and proceeded to thrust, driving up inside of her.

I placed my hands on her trim waist. My touch prompted her to up the pace. In moments she was riding me with savagely slutty abandon, rocking and bucking and grinding. I felt like a horse being put through its paces, a horse with a cock ready to explode . . .

And that's exactly what happened.

I finished inside Piper, filling her pussy with my seed, rope after pulsating rope. But she wasn't through with me. Oh no. Not until she had climbed off my lap, knelt, and cleaned my cock with her mouth.

"Attention to detail," I commented as she wiped her lips. "I like that. You're going to make a damned fine investigator, Piper."

A few days later we got a call from the opposite coast. The team at the hanger had made an interesting discovery. After examining a portion of the DC-9's wing, they had found the flaps to be in the closed position. The ill-fated pilots had forgotten one of the most basic steps.

The investigator on the other end of the line was baffled. "Of course," he said to me, "we still don't know why. This was a highly experienced crew. It's hard to imagine them forgetting something so elementary."

"I know what happened," I told him.

"You do?"

"Failure to maintain a sterile cockpit," I stated matter-of-factly.

Then I told him about the incriminating CVR, omitting, of course, its



NOT EVEN NEEDING TO GUIDE ME WITH HER HAND, SHE BROUGHT HER PUSSY DOWN ON MY SCHLONG

aphrodisiacal effect on Piper, and how I had risen to the occasion.

- David P., Tallahassee, FL

A SPECIAL RETREAT

This is the story of my first, and only, one night stand. I'm thirty-two and have only had a few real relationships since college. But I did have a long term relationship ended about six months ago and I've been horny ever since.

I'd been working in Dallas with a team of about a dozen people in the marketing department of a major clothing retailer. Three of them were women, the rest were young guys all hell-bent on establishing their dominance. Most were recent hires, like myself, and so the department head decided that we needed to get away for a brain-storming session to a retreat in Taos, New Mexico. We'd be put up at a resort and open our minds with nature - and each other. He thought a bonding effect with the group would help us work better together. I was just hoping to get laid.

The accommodations are bungalows set in a desert landscape. All very pretty and somewhat spiritual

feeling. We settled in the first night and met at 10 am for a communal breakfast the next morning. One of the girls, Marlene, who was originally from Tulsa and whose fiancé still lived there, and I got on very well. After our day-long meetings, she and I would spend a few hours in the Jacuzzi talking marketing and other things deep into the evening.

Our third and final night there, Marlene and I hit our regular spot at the hot tub. She confessed, after several drinks, that she wasn't sure whether she was ready to settle down with her fiancé just yet. I suggested that it was late and we should get back to our bungalows since we had to get up early in the morning to catch the shuttle to the airport. She said she was feeling sad and didn't want to be alone that night. I offered to escort her back to her bungalow. She asked me to come in. She said she did not want to go to sleep just yet.

Her clothes and suitcases were strewn on the chairs so we both had to sit on the bed. She looked at me and said I was a good guy. She put her arm around my shoulders and pulled me in for a quick hug. Releasing her hug, she let her hand rest on







my thigh. I sat there quietly not wanting to take advantage of the situation, but that was not what she was thinking.

She stood up and removed her top to reveal a pert pair of breasts with magnificent nipples. Her hips were at my eye level. She took my hands from my lap and put them on the her hips. Looking me, she whispered that I should take her pants off. I quickly undid her belt and pulled her jeans down and then her panties to leave her standing there completely naked. Not missing the clues, I then pushed her onto the bed and looked at her naked body.

I immediately disrobed and exposed an enormous erection and quickly laid next to her and started to kiss her breasts and nipples while I fingered her. Marlene's pussy was getting really wet so I went down and sucked her clit. I licked it for a good twenty minutes or so bringing her to the edge of orgasm many times, and then she came, very loudly. Then we lay silently for a few minutes and then she said that it was my turn. She moved and started to lick my knob. Then she then completely surprised me by moving over my body and lowering her pussy onto my cock.

She rode me very quickly with my cock going deep when she slowed or stopped to sit on it. At the pace she was going it wasn't going to take long before I shot so I asked her to slow down, but with a wry grin she speeded up and I emptied my balls deep into her pussy. We laid there with her on top, but I had to go. I dressed quickly and left. We didn't talk at work the whole next month.

- Ari M., Dallas, TX

MY MAN CAN WAIT

It's Sunday morning and it's hard getting up. It was a fun Saturday night, but I don't remember much of it, just partying with the girls at the club. I was still feeling a little warm and fuzzy and my body finally awakens. Instinctively, I move my hand across the bed, feeling disappointed at the



GENTLY FUCKING MYSELF, I MOVE MY OTHER HAND DOWN AND GENTLY TUG ON MY INNER LIPS

empty space beside me. Since meeting Steven a month ago, I had tried to see him whenever possible. As a consequence of my new relationship with him, I've seen considerably less of Chelsey, who apparently did not approve of 'her lover' being involved with a man.

Before exiting my warm bed, I place my hand upon my smooth, hairless mound, feeling a pleasant sensation flood through my body. 'I'm seeing Steven tonight,' I thought as I slid a finger into my wet pussy slit. Having not seen my new lover for five consecutive evenings, I finally felt the compulsion to orgasm, opening my legs and placing a finger on my clit's hood, sliding it down between my pink labia and onto my opening. I insert a finger and close my eyes.

Gently fucking myself, I move my other hand down and gently tug on my inner lips. Moving my finger from my increasingly wet orifice, I transferred some juice to my clit, softly stimulating it. I reinserted a finger into my hole, quickly adding a second, gliding both of them slowly in and out as my juices began to flow more freely, covering my fingers.

Now I must open my legs wider,

swaying my hips, pushing against my fingers, visualizing Steven's huge cock, imagining it gliding majestically in and out of my waiting pussy. Minutes later, feeling that I was approaching a climax, I removed my finger from my now fully erect clit, and rubbed my slick fingers along my engorged pussy lips, then back to my button... feels so gooood.

As my fingers pumped into my perfectly shaped pussy, I could feel the stupendous sensations beginning to dominate both my body and mind. I begin to gasp and moan as I writhe around on the bed; my entire nether regions tingling and becoming more pleasurable with each stroke. Finally, an orgasm hits me, pulsating dramatically through all the nerves in my body. I hear myself groan loudly as my pulsating pussy juices cover my fingers in yet more viscous fluid.

I lay there shaking and breathing heavily. Gradually, I removed my fingers, running them up my soft, silky flesh, bringing them to rest on my breasts, where I'm caressing my pink nipples. "Look out Steven, tonight is going to be like you've never known, so you better be ready."

– Nikki H., Raleigh, NC

































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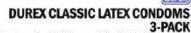
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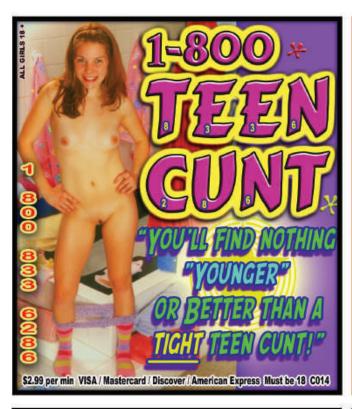




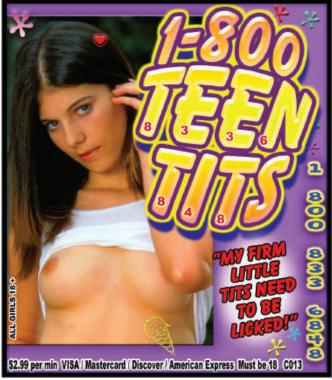
























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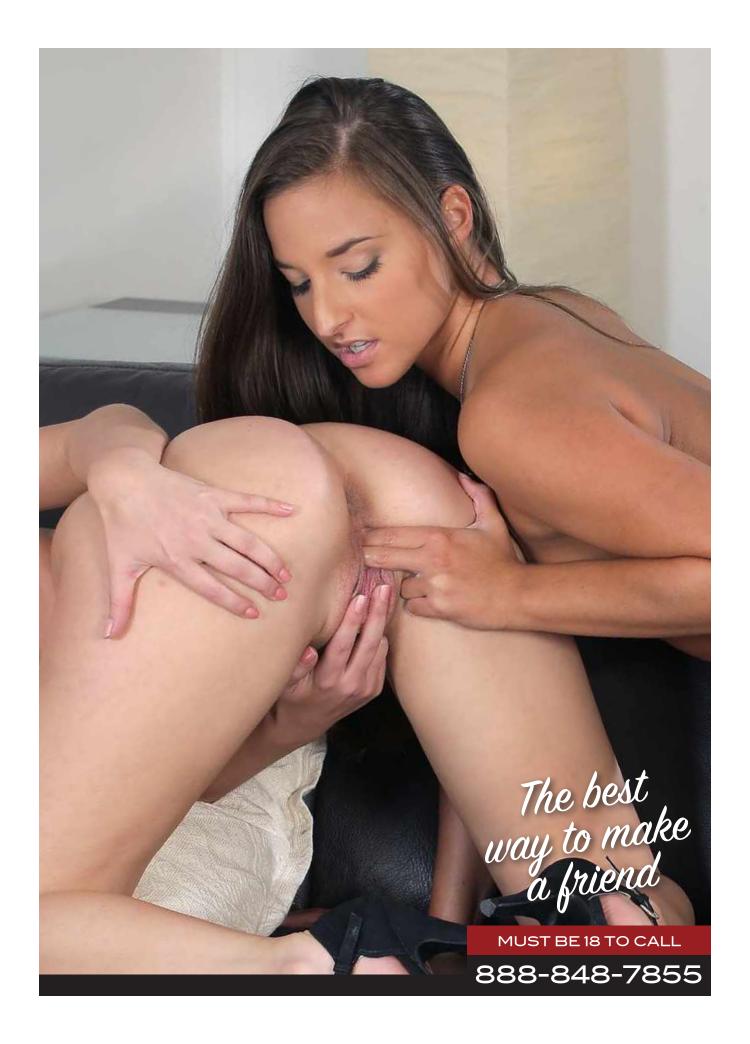






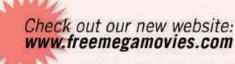














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